Buncest Part I - Spring Fever

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Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap!

Marco was entranced, rhythmically thrusting his hips into those of his older sister. Although he didn't have the faintest idea how or why he'd wound up in Molly's bed, grabbing onto her hips and fucking her missionary-style, something about it just felt right. Molly's breasts, each significantly larger than her head, bounced freely as her little brother buried himself completely inside her. The room was dark and quiet, save for the synchronized gasping of the two bunny siblings and the sound of their frantic coupling.

Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap!

Marco knew that he loved Molly more than anyone else in the world, but he was still shocked at himself for the way he savored every single thrust. He'd never thought of doing something like this with his own sister before, but in the moment, it seemed like the most natural thing in the world. A feeling he'd never experienced before welled up inside him as he gazed at Molly's blushing face- familial love, romantic affection, and uncontrollable lust all rolled into one.

Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap!

Molly smiled warmly back, as if to assure him that she felt the same way. She propped herself up on her elbows, bringing her face closer to Marco's and leaning in for a kiss. It was completely different from the hundreds of kisses they'd shared up until now- The kind of kiss you share not with a sibling, but with a lover. The abruptness of it

caused Marco to stop thrusting his hips, focusing instead on this new sort of pleasure. Each time she reached her tongue into his mouth, it was like fireworks went off inside his brain.

When they finally pulled away from each other, something seemed off. Molly's loving expression had been replaced with one of shock, her eyes wide and her ears perked upward. She put a hand up to her mouth and exclaimed.

"Oh my god!"

There was the abrupt crash of a door slamming shut, and Marco was suddenly aware that he was in his own bedroom instead, alone with a throbbing erection that threatened to tear through his pajama pants. Precum had already soaked through the fabric and onto his bedspread. A fantastic start to this lovely Spring morning.

Molly had the creeping sense that she'd just witnessed something she shouldn't have. She'd just gone into her little brother's room to wake him up for school like always, but the scene that awaited her when she opened the door was almost beyond her ability to comprehend. Marco, still asleep, had kicked his sheets off and was thrusting his tiny hips into the air like his life depended on it.

The most unbelievable part of it all, however, was his size. Molly had never seen anything like it, much less on such a small, innocent-looking boy. The bulge in his pajamas towered at least a foot into the air above his bed, waving hypnotically back and forth as he gave whoever he was dreaming about the pounding of a lifetime. She put a hand up to her mouth and exclaimed.

"Oh my god!" She blurted out before she could even consider how awkward it would be if Marco woke up while she was still in the room. In a panic, she dashed out of the bedroom and shut the door as fast as she could. She winced as she ended up

slamming it way harder than she intended to- If he wasn't awake before, he definitely was now. Unsure how to process this development, she fought through a typhoon of confusing thoughts to make her way downstairs and prepare for the most awkward breakfast of her life.

Luckily, Marco was too busy blushing and avoiding eye contact to notice that Molly was also blushing and avoiding eye contact. *Aw dammit*, Molly thought to herself, *he totally knows I saw him*. They tiptoed around the kitchen, trying to prepare their own food while also maintaining as much distance from each other as possible.

Molly kept finding herself stealing glances between her brother's legs. He definitely wasn't hard anymore, but there was still a bulge there that was impossible to deny. Had she really never noticed before? Likewise, Marco couldn't help staring at Molly whenever she wasn't looking. Even when viewed from the back, her gigantic boobs were easily visible from behind her slender frame. The sight of her naked body was still burned so vividly into Marco's half-asleep mind, he found himself wondering if it was a dream or if it somehow actually happened.

They had just sat down on opposite ends of the table, munching absentmindedly on cereal and toast, when their mother walked in. Marie Marigold was dressed for work and looking as upbeat as always, her ludicrously oversized body barely clearing the threshold leading into the kitchen as she entered. She leaned down and gave Marco a smooch on the top of his head.

"Morning, honeybun!"

Marco jumped as he was pulled from his thoughts by the sensation of his mother's chest nearly enveloping the back of his chair. The airy scent of her perfume wafed from behind him, making him blush as he sensed how close she was. More titty was not the thing he needed right now.

"M-Morning," he mumbled into his cereal. Marie studied her two children for a moment and immediately noticed something was amiss.

"You two look gloomy, did something happen?"

Both siblings replied in unison, equally indignant. “No! Nothing happened! Nothing at all!”

“Well, if you insist,” their mother shrugged. Whatever it was, she was sure they’d make up quickly like they always did. “By the way, I left some money on the living room table for this weekend. Go have fun at the arcade or something!”

Molly’s blood ran cold. She’d been so preoccupied with what happened in Marco’s room that she’d forgotten her mom was going to be out of town all weekend. “Okay, sure. Thanks mom.”

Marie gave her daughter a pat on the head. “Take good care of Marco, okay dear?”

Hearing that phrase almost made Molly choke on her toast. That was it then. A whole weekend alone with her little brother and his giant dick. This perfect storm of awkwardness would be spoken of in legends for centuries.

Before that, though, she’d have to survive the school day.

Marco’s third-period health class was taught by Ms. Lily, a stern but caring cow woman with a body that rivaled even his mother’s in terms of voluptuousness. She seemed to command even more attention from the class than usual as she began the lesson with a ‘special announcement’.

“Those of you who have been paying attention in class ought to know that we’re approaching a rather... special time of year.” Ms. Lily picked up a piece of chalk and wrote two large words on the board: *MATING SEASON*. The refined delicacy of her handwriting was almost comically juxtaposed to the event it described.

“For those of you who have begun to come of age since last spring, this may be your first time experiencing the effects of your annual heat,” the students in the class looked at each other with burning faces as their teacher continued on unperturbed.

”This may be difficult to adjust to at first, but rest assured that it is perfectly natural, and that you are not alone. Furthermore, in order to promote responsible sexual behavior and ease the burden some of you may be experiencing, members of the school faculty have volunteered to provide *certain services* to students who find themselves without a romantic partner. Those interested can contact the head office anonymously for additional information.”

Class continued on like this, Ms. Lily expounding upon things such as proper mating season etiquette in an ear-reddeningly blunt fashion, but Marco had long since stopped paying much attention. He’d always had a bit of a crush on his teacher despite her strict demeanor, but something about today was different. He found himself shifting in his seat, desperately trying to suppress the sensation steadily building up between his adorably-short legs. He could see Ms. Lily’s lips moving, but the words melted into obscurity as he became transfixed by his teacher’s ludicrously curvy body- the bouncing of her massive breasts whenever she paused to take a breath, the subtle sway of her hips beneath her overworked skirt, the teasing swish of her elegant tail. He couldn’t tear his eyes away for even a moment. Ms. Lily apparently noticed this.

“Is something the matter, Marco?” she inquired, peering expectantly over her glasses. A few other students snickered.

“W-Would you uh…” Marco stammered. He caught himself just before he could say ‘be my girlfriend’. “...Let me use the bathroom?”

Ms. Lily ignored the peculiar phrasing of the bunny boy’s question. “By all means.”

Marco stumbled out of the classroom, trying desperately to be discrete about the bulge growing in his pants. He didn’t do a very good job.

One incredibly stressful odyssey down the hall later, Marco found himself preparing to do something he’d never even thought about doing before. Within the privacy of the largest bathroom stall he could find, he pulled down his pants and finally let himself get completely erect. Sitting down, his cock nearly stood taller than he did,

twitching impatiently. The obscenely well-endowed bunny took a nervous pause, holding his breath and straining to hear if anyone else was in the room. Then, slowly, he gripped both hands around the base of his shaft.

Immediately, Marco noticed something was different than usual. Simply touching his cock caused it to throb powerfully, taking on a wicked curve as the veins along its length bulged out. The clenching of the muscles between his legs ran up through the core of Marco's body, nearly knocking the wind out of him as the head of his cock flared out almost like a horse's. He'd never been anywhere near this sensitive before in his entire life. Even his balls had swollen up, churning visibly as they anticipated the coming release.

As he slowly began stroking himself off, Marco found his thoughts irresistibly drawn to the dream he had the night before. He imagined what it would be like to explore his sister's body even further, how fun it would be to do it over and over again in all kinds of different positions. He thought about whether or not it'd be difficult to hide such a relationship from their mother. He wondered what would happen if he told Molly about his dream. Would she resent him for it? After all, something like this definitely isn't normal...

Either way, looking up at the throbbing crown of his own oversized cock, Marco couldn't help but notice that at least one part of him couldn't care less about what's normal and what's not.

At some point during his fantasizing, Marco had completely given up on trying to be stealthy with his masturbation. Unable to fit completely around his shaft, his hands stroked away as hard as they could, helped along by the constant stream of precum leaking from his tip like a broken faucet. In order to keep them from getting soaked, the horny bunny boy stripped completely naked and tossed his clothes into the corner of the stall. His mind in a daze, Marco shamelessly filled the room with the sloppy sounds of his desperate self-pleasuring

A single stifled moan escaped Marco's lips as, without any warning, he sent himself over the edge. Without a single thought given towards mitigating the mess, he continued to stroke himself off even as his first ever mating-season orgasm sent thick ropes of sperm in every direction. One shot became five shots became a dozen shots, with no sign of slowing down. Once it finally began tapering off, the wall opposite Marco had nearly been painted white. Some of it even got on the ceiling.

Once Marco finally came out of his trance, a look of panic washed over his face. There was no way in hell he could clean this up. He reached for his clothes and, against all odds, they made it out of the conflagration unscathed. All he could do is make sure nobody saw him when he left the bathroom.

It was going to be a long Spring.

Roxy the black cat was gossiping while she nibbled on a tuna sandwich.

"So didja' hear about the prank that some dude pulled in the Hall C boys' bathroom? Apparently it was like some kind of slime bomb went off, stuff was everywhere. Even on the ceiling."

Molly smiled as she stabbed her salad with a plastic spork. "Could be ectoplasm. Think the bathroom's haunted?"

"Hehe, maybe." Roxy paused for a moment. "So, you figure out what you're gonna be doing this Spring? Or should I say, *who* you're doing?"

Molly glanced off to the side, chewing timidly on a piece of lettuce. "Not yet."

"You're like this every year, I don't get it!" Roxy poked an incredulous finger into her bunny friend's oversized chest. "You could get any dude you wanted with these titanic titties!"

“That’s the whole problem! I want a guy who wants *me*, not just my boobs. You know?”

“Maybe you’re just into older guys? I hear that really hot English teacher is one of the dudes providing this year’s ‘student services’.”

“Ugh, no, stop.”

“Oh, so it’s younger guys then? You naughty girl! I don’t blame you though, having such a cute little brother-”

Molly jumped up out of her seat, her face beet red. Without a word, she turned around and bolted out of the lunchroom. Roxy snickered as she finished off her lunch.

“Hit the nail on the head, huh?”

After school, Molly attended track practice. Despite her physique, her powerful bunny legs afforded her a spot as one of the best sprinters on the team. Today, however, her performance seemed a bit lacking.

Ever since what Roxy said at lunch, Molly had found herself preoccupied with thoughts of her little brother. The sight of Marco dry-humping the air played on repeat in her mind, fixated on the absolutely enormous tent he was pitching underneath his pajamas. Was it just some sort of misunderstanding? Had she simply imagined the whole ordeal? Part of her was ashamed of thinking such things, but part of her knew she wouldn’t be able to stop thinking about it until she knew for sure.

As Molly started jogging, she began to realize in earnest that her heat had definitely begun. Despite wearing a custom-tailored sports bra, there wasn’t a force on the planet that could prevent her prodigious bust from bouncing. As she ran, Molly noticed the friction of the fabric against her skin was unusually stimulating, and before long her nipples had begun to grow stiff. The harder they got, the more sensitive they

became, a feedback loop that quickly caused her nipples to press visibly against the surface of her top. Molly blushed as jolts of pleasure began to run through her chest with every step she took, but she couldn't stop running- at least not without explaining why, which was something she wasn't very keen on doing.

Instead, she decided she'd have to get things over with as quickly as possible. She gradually picked up speed, trying as hard as she could to endure as the stimulation at her nipples only increased. A feeling of slickness grew between her legs as she entered a full-on sprint, breaking away from the rest of the team as she grew desperate to complete the lap before her entire team got to watch her orgasm with just her nipples. As she finally crossed the finish line, panting heavily, she wondered to herself how good it might feel to have them sucked on.

The rest of the track team joined her at the finish line shortly after, and not a single one of them failed to notice the way Molly's nipples stood at full attention beneath her shirt, her chest heaving as she caught her breath. It was insanely embarrassing, but she couldn't help but be relieved, because her nipples were the only thing distracting them from the trail of love juices trailing slowly down the insides of her thighs.

Molly arrived at home a couple hours later, though to her it practically felt like an eternity. It had taken all her willpower, but somehow she'd managed to get through practice without much incident. Tired, sweaty, and desperate to head straight into the bath where she could masturbate to her heart's content, she tossed her backpack onto the floor by the entryway.

Right next to where Molly had dropped her bag, Marco's backpack had been discarded in a similarly-lazy fashion. Marco always got home before Molly did since he wasn't in any after-school clubs, but Molly noticed he wasn't in the living room watching TV like he usually did when he got home- in fact, the TV wasn't even on.

Suspicious, Molly crept upstairs, looking out for signs of her brother's presence. The bathroom was empty, and the door to his bedroom was cracked open just slightly. From down the hall, she heard a sound coming from behind the door- wet, and rhythmic. Putting the pieces together, Molly put a hand up to her blushing face.

She knew she really shouldn't get any closer. She knew that if she gave into this perverse curiosity of hers, she would never be able to resist acting on what she found there. And yet, spurred onward by the intolerable heat between her legs, she found herself tip-toeing towards her brother's bedroom, her heart pounding out of her chest.

Molly held her breath as she leaned in to peer through the crack in the door. The scene that awaited her on the other side, however, was something beyond even her wildest fantasies.

Marco was sitting on the floor at the foot of his bed, completely naked, legs spread shamelessly apart. Between them, his gargantuan dick sprouted upwards in a powerful arc, effortlessly finding its way into the bunny boy's own mouth. He bucked his tiny hips with a desperate urgency as he struggled to fit as much of himself down his throat as he could. As if that weren't enough stimulation, his hands were busy trying to massage his balls, though they were clearly not suited for the task- drenched in sweat and saliva, his package had somehow ballooned to nearly the size of his head. Even from Molly's vantage point across the room, it was easy to see the way his cock twitched and throbbed as he sucked himself off with wild abandon.

Pulling her eyes away, Molly noticed that the reason Marco was sitting on the floor was that he had already absolutely ruined his bedsheets with sperm. Streams of cum dripped off the side of his bed, accumulating in puddles where it reached the floor. Stray shots had splattered the walls even on the opposite side of the room, painting a perverse picture of what her not-so-little brother had gotten up to while Molly was at practice. In the short time he had the house to himself, how many times had he gotten himself off? And how on earth was he still going?

The scent that wafted through the crack in the door was unlike anything she'd smelled before, but her instincts recognized it immediately as the scent of a male- An incredibly potent one. Molly noticed she had slipped a hand down the front of her shorts at some point without even thinking about it. Her panties had long since been soaked completely through, juices dripping freely onto the hallway carpet as she drank in the sight of her brother's debauchery.

It was only a minute or so after Molly arrived that Marco reached climax yet again. His bloated balls clenched as they got ready to unleash yet another massive payload. Just as he reached the point of no return, the bunny boy pulled his head back, extracting inch after inch of cock meat until it finally slipped free of his mouth with an obscene *pop,* followed by a fountain of spit and precum. Finally seeing the whole of its length for the first time, Molly realized her earlier estimate was nowhere near correct- as it was now, he was closer to two feet than one, maybe even longer. She wondered if she could even fit something like that inside of her, and the mere thought of trying caused her to cum a little.

Marco gave one final thrust directly upwards into the air, body tense and trembling as his already-oversized crown flared up to twice its previous girth. At the very apex of his thrust, the first rope of cum was unleashed from the tip of his cock like a bullet, easily reaching the ceiling where it splattered back down onto Marco and the rest of his room. The same happened with the next shot, and the one after that, each accompanied by another thrust of Marco's hips that only added to its power. He was completely dazed, enslaved by an insatiable instinct to breed that the rest of his body was simply not prepared to handle. Half-conscious and drenched in his own sperm, he let out a soft cry that was equal parts pleasure and desperation.

"Ahhh… Molly…"

Molly's ears perked up as she was torn from her own masturbation-fueled trance in the middle of the hallway. Though it was quiet, she was certain she wasn't mistaken- Marco had just called out her name. If something like this happened on any other day, she thought to herself, to any other person, it would've been a mortifying thing to hear. And yet, for some reason, she felt a smile creep onto her face. This was perfect.

Without announcing herself, Molly slowly pushed open the door to her brother's room.

She expected him to act surprised, but he hardly even reacted when she stepped in. Molly wondered if he already knew she was watching, or if he was just too lost in the afterglow of his previous orgasm to bother trying to make himself look presentable. Not like there was anything he could do to hide himself anyway, let alone the apocalyptic mess he made.

For a moment the two siblings simply looked at each other. Even without words, there was a mutual understanding- They knew what it meant when Molly opened that door. From now on, their relationship would be different.

Molly walked across the cum-splattered room to where Marco was still sitting, soaked and still half-hard. It took every ounce of willpower Molly had to avoid throwing herself at him on the spot, but she already had a better idea in mind. She leaned down, took her little brother's hand, and helped him to his feet. Without letting go, she led him out of the bedroom and down the hall, both of them dripping onto the carpet as they made their way to the bath.

"C'mon," Molly said, "Let's get you cleaned up."

Truth be told, the bathroom was probably the nicest room in the Marigold household. It was clean, bright, and thanks to renovations made necessary by their mother's absurdly voluptuous body, very spacious. Once the two siblings entered the bathroom and shut the door behind them, it felt to both of them as if they'd entered their own private world.

Molly ran the bath and then, at long last, got to take off her track uniform. Releasing her massive boobs from the confines of her constrictive sports bra was always a huge relief, and this time she had an audience to watch as she finally set them free. Molly made sure Marco was watching and then smiled as she yanked her bra upwards for maximum jiggle. The awe-inspiring sight seemed to give Marco a burst of energy, his ears perking up and his eyes becoming brighter as he stared enraptured at his sister's magnificent rack- They were even bigger than they were in his dream. Despite the fact that he'd just spent the last two hours sucking himself off, Marco's cock was already once again at full mast, twitching with excitement.

Finally joining her brother in stripping completely naked, Molly hopped into the bathtub first and then beckoned Marco to join her. He eagerly obliged, carefully stepping in and sitting himself down in his big sister's lap. He was just short enough that if he leaned back, his head would sink into her cleavage. It had been years since the last time they shared a bath together, and their intentions were nowhere near as innocent now as they were back then. Regardless, there was something familiar about the feeling. Comforting, even.

Even sitting down, Marco's hard-on breached several inches above the water, the warm sensation of the bath and the softness Molly's body teasing him in ways he'd never experienced before. He could practically feel Molly staring at it.

"Holy cow," Molly laughed nervously, "it's even bigger up close. Where have you been hiding this thing all these years?"

Marco shifted nervously in his sister's lap. "I-It wasn't like this before, it's been getting bigger and bigger since this morning... No matter how much I try to make it go down, it won't stop."

Molly blushed as she found her hands drifting down Marco's petite body, gliding from his chest to his stomach, then down to his hips, then coming to rest on top of his thighs. She felt as his legs parted ever so slightly.

"Well it's mating season," Molly whispered into Marco's ear, "It won't be satisfied unless you mate with someone."

"Molly, I-"

"I know. Come here…"

Molly's hands moved from Marco's thighs to the base of his shaft, gripping him softly. She gave it a gentle squeeze and delighted at the way it throbbed in response. She angled Marco's length back with her hands and leaned forward to kiss the head. Marco lifted his hips, supporting himself by grabbing on to Molly's breasts from either side of his face. His fingers all but disappeared into the pillowy softness.

Although she could barely fit the tip in her mouth, she sucked her brother's cock head dutifully while her hands explored his shaft, feeling the bulging veins as he twitched and throbbed. From between her cleavage, Molly could hear the muffled sound of her little brother's desperate cries of pleasure. Encouraged by the feedback, she sucked his crown even harder and stroked his shaft even faster.

Suddenly, she felt the head of his cock expand tremendously in her mouth, until it was so large she couldn't even pull it out. The taste of Marco's sperm permeated her senses as he squirted yet another massive load, this time directly into his sister's mouth. The first shot alone filled her mouth beyond capacity, forcing her to swallow with a *gulp* so loud that it echoed through the bath.

Gulp! Gulp! Gulp! Gulp! Gulp!

Molly had to drink a dozen massive servings of cum before Marco got soft enough that she could pull him out of her mouth, and even after she did he kept

cumming, splattering the bathroom wall behind them. Molly could feel her clit throbbing, and she realized that just sucking Marco off caused her to have an orgasm of her own. Something about the way he tasted had flipped a switch inside her brain, and she knew that merely drinking his cum wouldn't be nearly enough.

Still panting heavily, Molly got out of the bathtub, turned around to face Marco, and sat down on the floor with her legs wide open.

"I can't wait anymore," she pleaded, "I've gotta have it!"

Marco followed Molly out of the tub and lined his monster cock up with her sopping-wet pussy. He couldn't think of anything aside from fucking his sister. "Me too," he gasped, "I need it! I need to mate so bad!"

Without an ounce of hesitation, Marco cried out as he buried himself balls deep inside of Molly in a single thrust. Molly gasped as the insertion caused her stomach to bulge out in ways she didn't even think were possible, knocking the wind out of her. Immediately, her pussy began to squirt as she orgasmed all over her younger brother's cock. Her long, slender legs shook with ecstasy as Marco pulled out as far as his hips would allow, then slammed his entire length back in again. It felt as though she came every single time he hilted inside of her, her inner walls clenching and trembling as her body instinctively tried to milk every drop of cum out of Marco's hyper-productive balls.

Both siblings were hysterical, unable to speak aside from the occasional '*cumming again*' or '*can't stop*'. A puddle of love juice and precum quickly formed on the tile floor beneath the place where their hips collided, their mating growing louder and sloppier by the second. Their pleasured screams and desperate coupling echoed through every room in the house, but nobody else was around to hear.

It wasn't long before Molly felt the tell-tale bloating of Marco's cock head deep inside her womb, and when her lust-addled mind realized what it meant, she nearly wept with joy. She felt the clenching of Marco's obscenely swollen balls against her clit and braced herself as best she could against the slick bathroom floor. Then,

simultaneously, both bunny siblings cried out as they gave each other the greatest orgasms either of them had ever felt.

Streams of thick, hot cum mixed with Molly's squirting as her womb was filled past capacity. This single load was probably larger than all the loads Marco had blown in his bedroom earlier put together, and this time his beloved sister took every drop. It was far better than any dream or fantasy he could imagine, and best of all, it was completely real.

Marco and Molly collapsed on top of each other in a still-growing pool of their own juices. Molly's stomach was so full of cum, she nearly looked pregnant. She knew that from now on, regular sex just wasn't going to cut it. Only her adorable little brother and his absolute monster of a cock would do.

Just as she thought this, she felt the sensation of Marco swelling up inside her again, preparing to go another round. She looked down at him and they smiled at each other before going in for a long, passionate kiss. Molly remembered that they had the house all to themselves until Monday. They had the entire weekend to confess their love for each other, and something told Molly that they were going to need it.